

GIANT-SIZE MINI comics™

THESE COMICS ARE
WONDERFUL!

... OH, ALL RIGHT, I'LL
HOLD STILL WHILE
YOU DRAW...



PAUL
CURTIS

the PENUMBRA

WRITE TO : ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 199 - GUERNEVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95446

ON THE RACKS

SCOUT no. 16 3-D

Scout versus the mystery prisoner introduced last issue in a no-holds-barred fight, specially designed to take full advantage of the 3-D process.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 11

Chuck (Airboy) Dixon, Timothy (Scout) Truman and Scott (Silverheels) Hampton bring you three of this month's four outstanding science fiction stories.

THE DREAMERY no. 2

Beginning Lela Dowling's interpretation of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Fans of fine fantasy art won't want to miss this!

AIRBOY nos. 15 & 16

Our heroes learn of the Senora's plans to cripple America. It's the Air Fighters against a sky full of Nazi bombers! Fast, Skywolf back up features.

LEGION OF SUPER HEROES INDEX no. 3

Continuing the complete information and full cover reproductions of one of the most popular super hero teams ever!

ZOOIVERSE no. 4

The Kren Patrol storm the Wedgecity and try to rescue the cowerers from the jaws of the Skratwrenching Table!

GIANT-SIZE MINI COMICS no. 4

A survey into the delights of the small-press publishing phenomenon known as mini-comics. A wide variety of styles, which is sure to include something you're going to love!

THE NEW WAVE no. 13

Tachyon goes to New York and finds himself up against prejudice, robbery and aleaze. Plus, the Volunteers harass the rest of the New Wave about Dot's disappearance.

LUGER no. 3

The conclusion to the first Luger mini-series. Luger battles his way into the fortress to rescue the industrialist's daughter, and finds himself in a bigger trap!

MR. MONSTER no. 8

Doc Scream has encountered many horrors too frightening to recount, but can any of them match—the Monster In The Automatic Teller Machine?

ALL-STAR INDEX no. 1

Beginning the definitive reference work on the world's first super-hero group—*The Justice Society of America!*

KITZ 'N' KATZ no. 5

There's trouble at the Katnip Klub as the kats get involved in a fracas. Check it out and see what the great reviews are about!

REID FLEMING

WORLD'S TOUGHEST MILKMAN no. 2
Just as a cat has nine lives, Reid Fleming is allowed nine milk trucks, then the pink slip. Cats always land on their feet. Can Reid?

CROSSFIRE no. 19

The story of a network programmer who is dead set against ever getting caught actually doing anything, and of a mercenary who intends to kill Crossfire. Tune in to see if either gets his wish.

PORTIA PRINZ OF THE GLAMAZONS no. 2

Portia becomes queen, and her first job is to solve the Technological Crisis that confronts the Glamazons.

FASHION IN ACTION

WINTER SPECIAL no. 1

Frances Knight travels to Egypt to face the ominous Doctor Cruel, and follow the F.I.A. as they uncover her darkest secret.

GOOD POINTS: A couple of thoughtful people have responded to my ramblings on the subject of my potential dual U.S./German citizenship. In their various ways, these folks mentioned that loyalty to one's "dirt" or home environment, and loyalty to one's favoured principles of government (in this case, Democracy) do not exclude acceptance of citizenship in another, similar, governmental system and might lead me to enjoy an environment I would have otherwise missed.

They're right, but I'm not packing my bags and heading for the Alps! For one thing, I have since found out that the German government only entertains serious dual citizenship claims from those who are fluent in German—which I am not. My sister is, and so she's still pursuing the whole matter. Details and film at eleven.

SPEAKING OF HER: Remember when I gave you the current line-up for editorial chores and said there'd soon be a new editor hired? Well, we went and did it. LETITIA GLOZER, my sister, joins our editorial staff January 15th, 1987. For those who keep track of such things, she's tall, blonde, blue-eyed and not a bit like short, dark-haired, brown-eyed me. That's because my father is Sicilian and hers is one of those Anglo-Irish-Jewish hybrids they grow in Chicago. Letitia is 25, a college graduate, and yes, boys, she is still single! She'll kill me when she reads this!!

MACK GETS PROMOTED: Mack Fraga, our production person, is, as of January 1st, Mack Fraga, Production Manager. More money for Mack—and with it, increased responsibilities, hassles, and (we hope) a towering sense of satisfaction in a multitude of jobs well done. Mack is a natural tidiness freak, and he's working late tonight, making sure that he's got positive and negative-reverse logos for all our titles, each in its own little envelope. He's also trying to find a good picture of an atomic bomb explosion. And he's sorting out the "slug drawer," where we keep—not shell-less mollusks, but varied sizes of Eclipse emblems, price boxes, blurb type (FIRST ISSUE! ON SALE HERE! FREE 3-D GLASSES INCLUDED!) and stats of my signature to go at the bottom of this column. In the interest of match-making fairness, it should be noted that Mack is 27, good looking and also single! Hair and eye color on request!

Dean's also working late tonight. He's pasting up the *Eclipse Extra!* Sean is reading scripts to acquaint himself with a series on which he's just been made editor, and I'm in

the type room tapping alphanumeric keys as if they were a tiny piano and I were a spastic pianist.

Some fun. All we need is more coffee.

AS PROMISED: Okay, here are the new editorial assignments—just remember, the list covers comics and books scheduled to ship far, far into 1987.

LETITIA GLOZER: Scaled, *Adolescent Radioactive Black Belt Hamsters, The Lost Planet, Mail the Psychic Girl, Whodunnit?*, *Kamui the Ninja*.

SEAN DEMING: *Champions, New Wave, Villains and Vigilantes, Guerrilla Groundhog, Rangers: ATF*.

FRED BURKE: *The Masked Man, Area 88, Enchanter, Liberty Project, Floyd Farland* one-shot, *Mr. Monster*.

BRUCE JONES & APRIL CAMPBELL: *Twisted Tales, Alien Worlds, Man O' War, Prison Ship, Man-Eaters of Tsavo, Silverheels* graphic album.

DEAN MULLANEY: *Stig's Inferno, Lars of Mars, Zorro* album, *Sacred and Profane* album, *Somerset Holmes* album, *Miracleman, Detectives, Inc.*

TIMOTHY TRUMAN: *Airboy, Hotspur, Winterworld* album.

MARK EVANIER: *Crossfire, DNAgents*.

LEX NAKASHIMA: *Fusion, The Dreamery*.

MICHAEL T. GILBERT: *Mr. Monster's* reprint series.

KEN PIERCE: *AXA*.

COLIN PARASKEVAS: *Zooniverse*.

CAT YRONWODE: *Valkyrie* mini-series, *Airmaids* one-shot, *Air Fighters Classics, Scout, Scout Handbook, New America, Swords of Texas, Alien Encounters, Tales of Terror, P. J. Warlock, Kitz 'n' Katz, Sisterhood of Steel* album, *Bullet Crow, Zolt, Reid Fleming, Portia Prinz, California Girls, Tales of the Beanworld, Georgia Tom* album, *Fashion in Action, The Prowler, Paper Dolls from the Comics*, and as yet untitled series known in the office as "Strike Revenger."

If anything major changes again, you'll be the next to know.

catherine yronwode

THE INCREDIBLY STUPID BOY

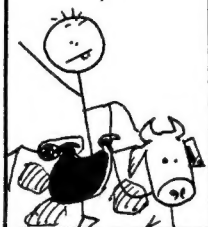
STUPID BOY SOMETIMES GETS HIS PET COW OUT OF THE CLOSET

MOO



STORY BY:
RANDY CARPENTER
ART BY:
MATT FEAZELL
©1986

HI YO, BUDDIE ...



AWAAAY!



WHOA, BUDDIE!



BE BACK IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB CHOP!



['DUM DE DUM']



50 LB SACK BARLEY,
50 LB SACK HOPS,
ONE KING SIZE JAR
OF HOT PICKLES.



WHAT YA GONNA DO,
MAKE YOUR OWN
BEER?

DUH, CHEE.
HOW'D YOU
GUESS?



JUST STRAP
IT ANYWHERE.



HI YO, BUDDIE,
AWAY!



BACK IN HIS ROOM...

HAVE 'NOTHER
PICKLE, BUDDIE

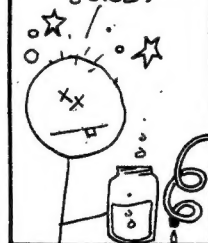
MOO

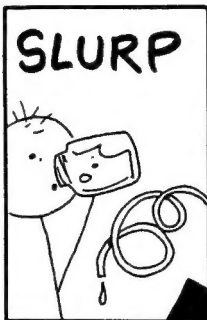


SLURP!



HMM... NEEDS
MORE PICKLE
JUICE!





... STUPID BOY
SUDDENLY FINDS
HIMSELF HERDING
CATS IN THE
WILD WEST!



GOTTA GET THIS
CLOWDER TO
DODGE BEFORE
THE CAT MARKET
BOTTOMS OUT!



BUT...

**UH OH!
CAT RUSTLERS!**



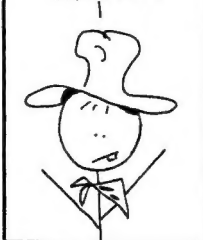
REACH, HOMBRE!



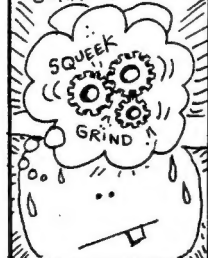
**WE ALL'S GONNA
CUT YOUR CLUSTER!**



**CHEE, WHATTA
TIME TO BE A
PACIFIST!**



**WHAT TO DO?
WHAT TO DO?**



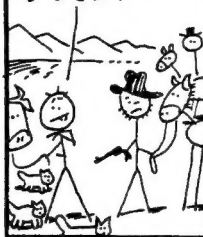
**STUPID BOY PUTS
ON HIS THINKING
CAT.**



**AFTER A HASTY
CONFERENCE...**



**I'LL HELP YOU
DRIVE 'EM INTO
DODGE!**



**HAW HAW!
WE'RE STEALING
HIS CATS AND
HE'S HELPING US
HERD 'EM!!**



**THAT NIGHT, AFTER
MAKING CAMP...**



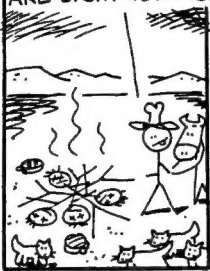
...STUPID BOY
SNEAKS AROUND AND
REPLACES THE WATER
IN THE RUSTLERS'
CANTEENS WITH
HOMEMADE BEER.



THE NEXT DAY,
ON THE TRAIL...



CHEE, THESE GUYS
ARE LIGHTWEIGHTS.



WEEKS LATER...

YIP! HOOT!
GIT ALONG
LITTLE KITTIES!



AFTER SELLING HIS
CATS AT THE LOCAL
PET STORE, STUPID
BOY GOES BACK
HOME AND COUNTS
HIS MONEY...



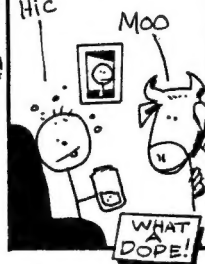
STUPID
BOY!!



IF I'VE TOLD YOU
ONCE I'VE TOLD
YOU A THOUSAND
TIMES!! DON'T BRING
COW MANURE INTO
THE HOUSE!! YOU'RE
GROUNDED FOREVER!



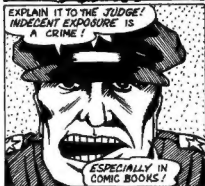
OH WELL, THINGS
COULD BE WORSE!

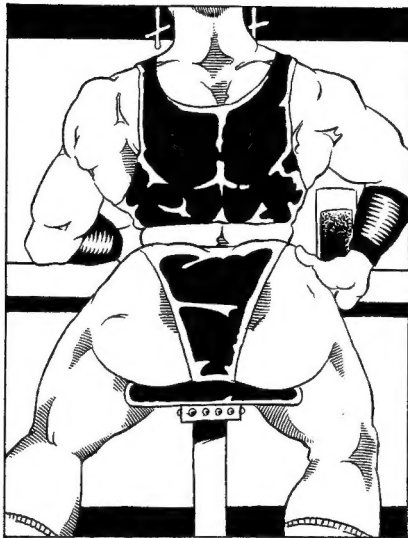


THE HIGHLY UNLIKELY ADVENTURES OF...









WE WERE AT HODDAD'S, SCOOTER AND ME, JUST KNOCKING BACK A FEW AND CHEWING THE FAT WITH OUR GOOD FRIEND PAT KAHOUTEK. PAT'S THE BOUNCER (THE TOUGHEST AND CUTEST IN TOWN), AND SHE COMES UP WITH SOME PRETTY GOOD IDEAS SOMETIMES. MY PAL AND I HAD A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AND FIGURED A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT MIGHT GIVE US SOME FRESH INSIGHT.



SCOOTER HAD A HANKERING THAT WE SHOULD BOTH RENOUNCE OUR DECADENT CITY-WAYS AND JOIN SOME SORT OF WARRIOR-PRIESTHOOD OUT IN THE FOREST. I WAS MORE OF A MIND TO MOVE TO MIAMI AND CUT OURSELVES A PIECE OF THE COKE TRADE. PATRICIA CONTRIBUED A QUARTER TO THE ARGUMENT, AND WE FLIPPED IT IN THE AIR WITH GREAT ANTICIPATION.



THE COIN GOT AWAY FROM US AND BOUNCED OFF THE TABLE ONTO THE FLOOR, DISAPPEARING INTO A CRACK. I JUST SHRUGGED AND DUG IN MY POCKET FOR ANOTHER QUARTER, BUT PAT STOPPED ME. APPARENTLY IT'S BAD LUCK TO FLIP TWICE FOR THE SAME DECISION, SO OUR ONLY RECOURSE WAS TO GO DOWN TO THE CELLAR AND FIND OUT WHICH WAY THE COIN HAD LANDED.



THE DOOR TO THE CELLAR WAS WAY IN THE BACK OF THE SWANK JAMES REPAIR LOUNGE. A LONG WINDING STAIRCASE LED US DOWN INTO A DARK, NARROW HALLWAY WHICH WE WANDERED ALONG FOR ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF. AT THAT POINT WE WERE MET BY A RAT WEARING A MONK'S ROBE. HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO WORSHIP AT THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF THE SILVER BOOMBAN.



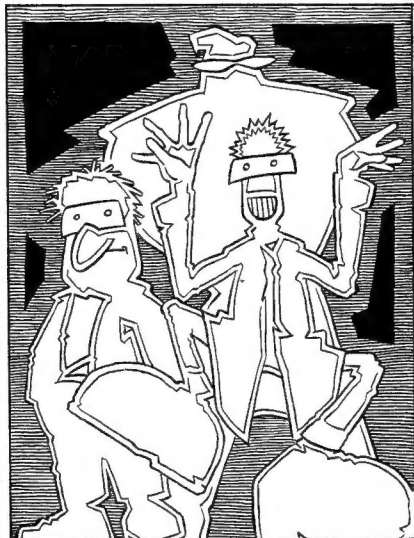
MY ASTUTE CHUM AND I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND ASKED IF WE MIGHT TAG ALONG FOR A GLIMPSE OF THIS MAGNIFICENT IDOL. THE LITTLE PILGRIM LED US THROUGH A MAZE OF CRAMPED PASSAGEWAYS TO A LARGE AND RELATIVELY WELL-LIT CHAMBER. THE PLACE WAS LOUSY WITH RATS, ALL GATHERED AROUND A SMALL ENCLOSED SHRINE. INSIDE, I KNEW, LAY THE OBJECT OF OUR QUEST.



OUR GUIDE INFORMED US THAT THE IDOL LAY JUST AS IT HAD FALLEN, SO MANY GENERATIONS BEFORE. THEY WEREN'T ABOUT TO LET A BUNCH OF OUTSIDERS SNEAK A PEEK AT IT, BUT WE HAD COME PREPARED FOR TROUBLE. MINDLESS BRUTALITY HAS ITS PLACE IN EVERY RELIGION, AFTER ALL, AND A FEW MARTYRS IN THE SERVICE OF THE SILVER GOOMBAAH WOULD PROBABLY THRILL THE LITTLE TYKES NO END.



AT THAT POINT, MY SURE-FOOTED COMPANION STEPPED ON A LOOSE BOARD AND SENT THE TINY TEMPLE FLYING IN THE AIR. SQUEALS OF DISMAY FILLED THE CHAMBER AS THE SMALL STRUCTURE SPUN END OVER END AND THEN VANISHED THROUGH THE GAP IN THE FLOORBOARDS. THEN THE PLANK FELL BACK INTO PLACE, SEALING OUR QUARTER IN ITS MURKY TOMB FOREVER.



WE DEPARTED THE TUNNELS IN SILENCE AND RESUMED OUR NORMAL LIVES. HOWEVER, OUR EXPLOITS AS THE OVERTURNERS OF THE FALSE IDOL BECAME A LEGEND WHICH EXTENDED EVEN TO THE UPPER LEVELS AND HODAD'S ITSELF.

HEY HO! THE LATE PAUL CURTIS
SPEAKING... LATE, NOT AS IN "DEAD," BUT
LATE, AS THIS IS DRAWN THE SAME DAY
I MAILED IT LATE TO **ECLIPSE!**
ALL THE ARTISTS GOT THEIR WORK
IN WITH TIME TO **SPARE**... BUT
I DISCOVERED I'D FORGOTTEN TO
MAIL **MOST** OF THE CONTRACTS
OUT! IMAGINE THE MID-DECEMBER
FUN AS I MAILED OUT ABOUT A
DOZEN CONTRACTS!

**HOT
DOG!**



SO, AFTER A LOUD RASPBERRY IN MY DIRECTION,
A LOUDER HOORAY FOR CONTRIBUTORS:
MATT FEAZELL AND RANDY CARPENTER ... 1
TIM CORRIGAN... 3 **JOHN HOWARD**... 5
MATT LEVIN... 8 **BRAD FOSTER**... 11
ERIK LARSEN... 12 **GARRY HARDMAN**... 13
STEVE WILLIS... 14 **BRIAN SMITH**... 15
BRENDAN GRAMER... 16 **BRIAN PEARCE**... 17

DON MARTINEC ... 18

RUSS MAHERAS AND KEN SANZEL ... 19

AL GREENIER ... 20

STENGL 'N' DOOLEY... 21

NIMROD... 22

BRUCE CHRISLIP... 23

G. RAYMOND EDDY... 24

BERT BLOOD... 25

CHARLES WAGNER... 26



CHUCK BUNKER... 27 **JEFF NICHOLSON**... 28
BILL FITTS... 29 **FAYE PEROZICH**... 30
TED BOLMAN... 31 AND **COLIN UPTON**... 32
WHEW! MOST OF THESE FOLKS WENT
ALONG WITH MY FORMAT, WHICH IS A
SUB-MINI COMIC...THE MICRO COMIC!
I'VE BEEN PUBLISHING 'EM SINCE 1982
AND ASIDE FROM **OCCASIONAL** REPORTS
OF **BLINDNESS**, PUBLIC RECEPTION HAS BEEN
POSITIVE. THE TINY PAGES ALLOW A SUB-
STANTIAL PIECE OF WORK TO COVER **VERY**
LITTLE SPACE, MUCH AS YOU'LL SEE THE
ARTISTS DO HERE. FOR MORE ON MICRO-COMICS,
A STAMP TO: **PAUL CURTIS**

R.D.#2

SAEGERTOWN, PA 16433.

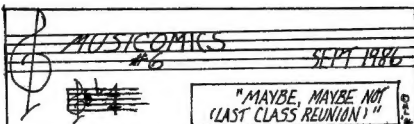
AND, COVERING THE ENTIRE COMIC SMALL PRESS...

\$2.60 FOR S.P.C.E.!

FROM **CRT GRAPHICS**
45 WILCOX ST.

ROCHESTER, NY 14607

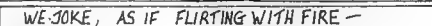
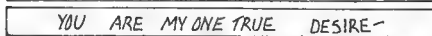
NOW, LET'S SING ALONG WITH **MATT LEVIN!**

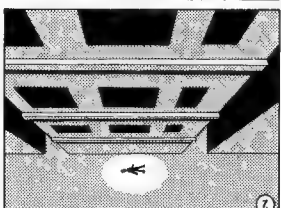
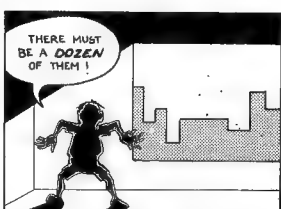
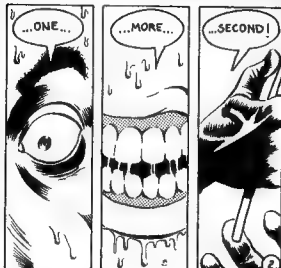
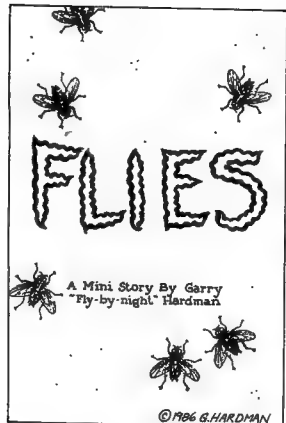


(...AND THANKS TO MIMI FERRARI, ON THE COVER!)



ONE TRUE DESIRE * © M.L. 1966





MORTY COMIX

#1501

3-22-86

STONE
WILLIS

NO ONE SAT IN THE BALCONY; IT HAD BEEN CONDEMNED. THE SCREEN WAS VERTICALLY DIVIDED BY A POORLY MENDED RIP.

MICRO
COMIX
BY S.
WILLIS



WHENEVER THE ALARM FOR THE NEIGHBORING VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPT. RANG, THE MOVIE WAS STOPPED SO WE COULD WATCH THE FIRETRUCKS. ONCE THE TRUCKS WENT AWAY, WE RESUMED THE MOVIE.

THE SMALL LUMBER TOWN OF MISCLEARY, WASH., WHERE I WAS RAISED, USED TO HAVE A MOVIE HOUSE. I MISS IT.

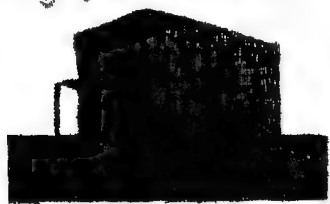


DURING ONE SHOWING, SOME GUYS FROM OUR RIVAL LOGGING TOWN OF SHELTON WERE THROWING JUNK AT THE SCREEN. THE OWNER, STILL IN LOGGING GEAR, STOPPED THE FILM, WALKED ON STAGE, AND SAID, "YOU'RE NOT IN SHELTON ANY MORE, YOU'RE IN MISCLEARY, AND IN OUR TOWN YOU'LL BEHAVE LIKE CIVILIZED FOLK --- OR ELSE!"



LIKE A CHURCH PREACHER, THE OWNER WOULD SHAKE OUR HANDS AND CHAT WITH EACH ONE OF US AS WE LEFT, "HOPE YOU LIKED THE SHOW. WE GOT A REAL HUMBINGER NEXT WEEK." THEN ONE DAY THERE WAS NO "NEXT WEEK". THE MOVIES STOPPED RUNNING IN MISCLEARY.

TODAY THE MOVIE HOUSE SERVES AS AN AUCTION HALL. THE HOT ITEMS ARE OLD LAVA LAMPS AND SECOND-HAND GUNS. WITHOUT FAIL, THE MOST DERANGED CHARACTERS IN THE CROWD WOULD WIN THE BIDDING ON THE GUNS. NO DOUBT, THEY MUST BE FROM SHELTON.

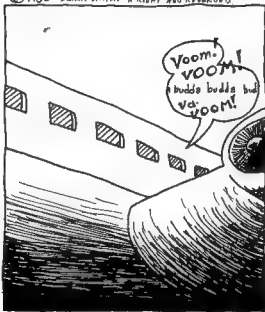


SW

DOCTOR JIMMY

Rides an airplane.

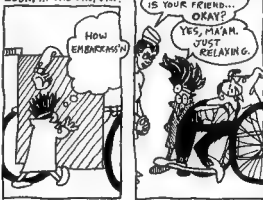
© 1986 BRIAN SMITH. ALL RIGHTS ARE RESERVED.



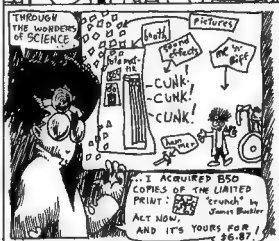
ONE DAY DURING IDLE CONVERSATION, JIMMY AND HIS DEAD COUSIN, BIFF, CONCUR UPON A PARTAKING OF THE AIRWAYS!



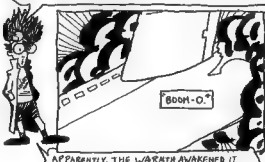
SOON, AT THE AIRPORT!



AT THE phot-o-matic MACHINE!



AS THE STEWARDRESS SLEPT PEACEFULLY, I IN TURN BECAME QUITE BORED AND THUS SLEPT PEACEFULLY MYSELF, IN MY SUIVARE, I FORGOT ABOUT THE NITROUS OXIDE THAT SLEPT PEACEFULLY IN THE VERY WARM CARGO STORAGE AREA

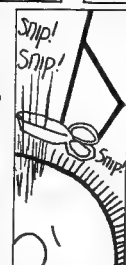


APPARENTLY, THE WARNTAWAKENED IT



Doctorx Jimmy's HELFUL Science Notabook NUMBER 3





END

We all need time away from the daily grind of business as usual...even the Grim Reaper! Why, every now and then he stashes his scythe in the closet, hoists a cold brewsky, and takes time to simply relax...!

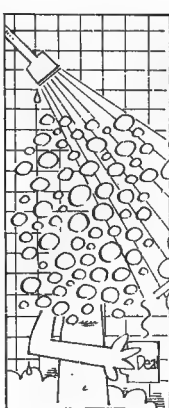
Aw, heck...! I must've left my hood at the cleaners. Well, I guess this means I'll have to take a day off!

Mr. Death's Day Off

by BRIAN
PEARCE



I can't make it without that first cup of coffee...



And speaking of which, next to fresh-brewed coffee, nothing starts the day off quite like a cold shower!

So why not both?!

.. Aww,
damn.. I got
soap in my
coffee.

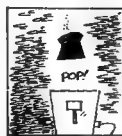
Next to a fresh-brewed cup of coffee and a cold shower, nothing starts off the day quite like a good hearty breakfast!

From the four basic food groups, of course. Meat, Fish, Milk...err...



Let me see, now...
Meat... Fish... uh-h...
Milk... errr...

Don't



GRRRRR!!



If there's one thing I hate...

It's burnt
toast. Really
irks me.

Days off are for catching up on all those simple pleasures of life. Like caring for your house plants...

And you'd think
you'd learn how NOT
to over-water them
after 1,000,000,000
years...



"...Little Cindy
Lou Who...who
was not more
than two...

How The
FRANCH
STOLE
CHRISTMAS!

And relaxing with a good book...

Listening to
your favorite
scratched-up
records.

There is a
fifth dimension...
beyond that which is
known to man.

Yes, yes, yes.
So what else is
new?!

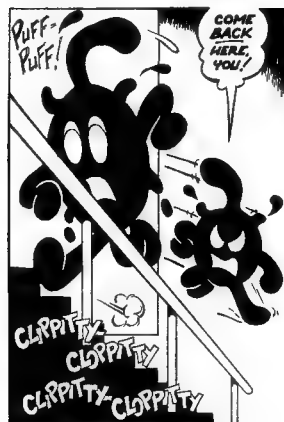
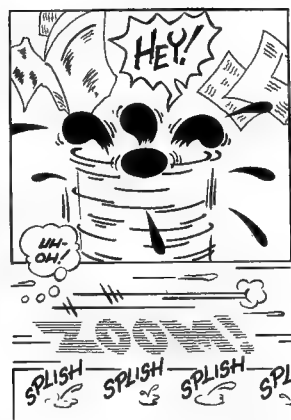
Watching
TWILIGHT ZONE
on cable...

Now, don't you think we could ALL take a bit of a lesson from Mr Death? After all, he knows his limits...he knows when to take time off and enjoy...err...life. So why drive yourself into an early grave with worry and anxiety? Why look at Mr Death...he's as old as time itself, and HE shows no sign of slowing down...! Take a breath...laugh a little...relax! Thank you.

! just know that hood
is in here somewhere. its
just gotta be! im so
bored.

BRIAN
PEARCE

**SPLATTER
COMICS**
Presents:
**THE
ADVENTURES
OF
FRED!**
By DON MARTINEC ©1986



INTROSPECT

STORY/LAYOUT:
KEN SANZEL
ART/LETTERS:
RUSS MAHERAS



IT'S PEACEFUL OUT HERE.

SOMETIMES SHE LIKES TO
SIT AND LOOK AND NOT
THINK ABOUT ANYTHING.



HER SENSES FLOODED,
SHE FEELS SO...

... AT PEACE.



SOMEHOW, LONELINESS
BECOMES ALL RIGHT
OUT HERE.

SHE'S PRETTY.

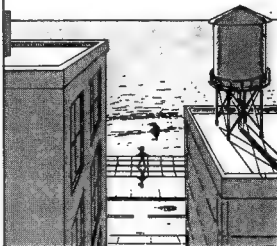


THERE'S A HOLE INSIDE
OF HIM THAT GETS
EMPTIER AND EMPTIER.

SOMETHING ABOUT A
PRETTY WOMAN HE'LL
NEVER KNOW, NEVER
TOUCH...



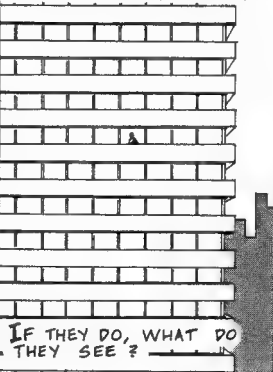
IT SEEMS TO SPEAK
ON A DEEPER PAIN.



NOTHING LOOKS REAL FROM
HERE. THE CARS ARE
TOYS. THE PEOPLE ARE
BUGS.

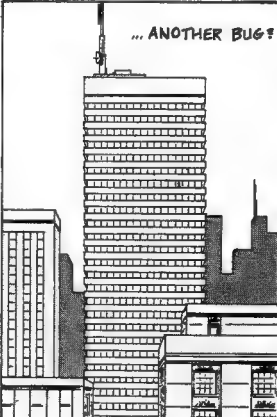


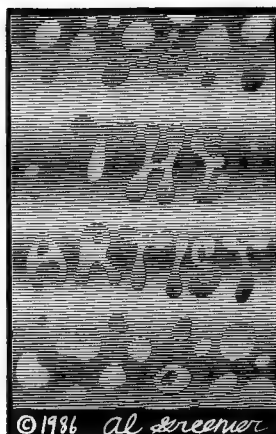
AND FROM DOWN THERE,
DO THEY EVEN LOOK UP?



IF THEY DO, WHAT DO
THEY SEE?

... ANOTHER BUG?





©1986 Al Greenlee

FROM THE VERY BEGINNING THE KID HAD REAL TALENT.



HE PERSISTED AND GOT REAL GOOD, FOR ART WAS HIS ONE LOVE.



THE PUNDITS SAW HIS WORK AND DECLARED HIM A GENIUS.



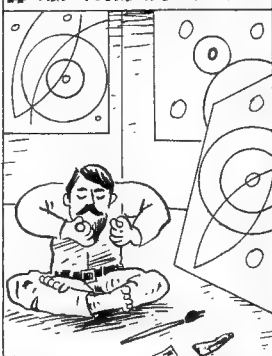
HE WAS FAMOUS AND THE WORLD WAS HIS OYSTER; BUT BOTH ART AND LIFE TOOK A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE.



THE MORE HE DEBASED HIMSELF, THE MORE POPULAR HE BECAME.



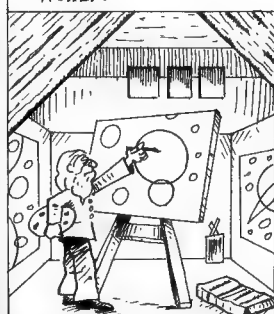
HE TOOK UP EASTERN RELIGION AND FOUND HIS CENTER.



NO LONGER MIRRORING THE DEBAUCHERY OF HIS SOCIETY, THE ARTIST WENT OUT OF FAVOR WITH THE CULTURAL HOI-POLLOI.

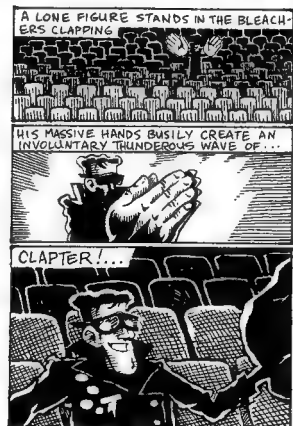
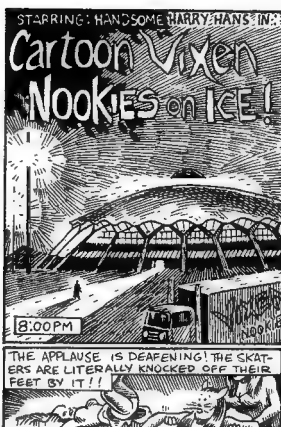


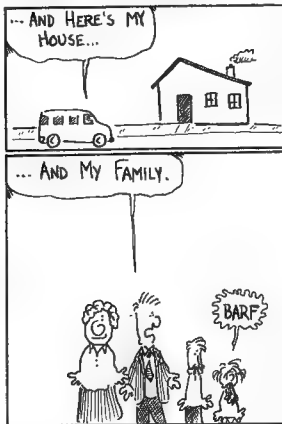
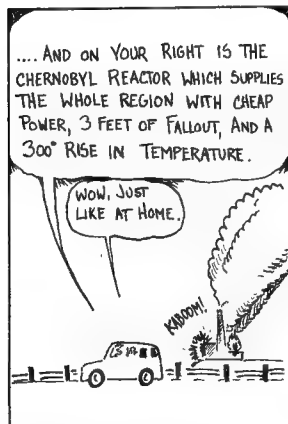
HE LIVED TO A RIPE OLD AGE, IGNORED AND HATED AS A TURNCOAT BY THE ART WORLD.



HIS WORK LOST ITS WILDNESS AND ITS POPULARITY.

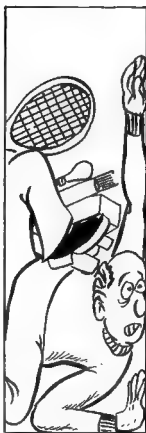
THEN HE DIED.



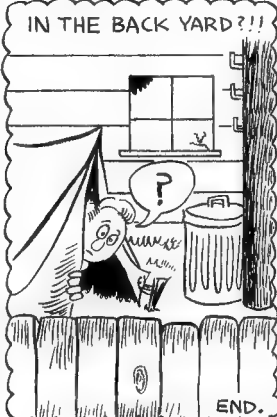




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I'VE GOTTA GET A NEW APARTMENT. EVERYTHING IS JUST TOO CROWDED IN HERE!



Galen THE SAINTLY

C'MON, PAUL! GIVE ME SOME ROOM TO STRETCH OUT!



MY WINGS ARE FALLING ASLEEP!

"The Only Character
Who Will Fit"

Eddy '86

WHY DO YOU WANT
ME IN THIS COMIC?

BECAUSE YOU'RE
THE ONLY CHARACTER
WHO WILL FIT!



COME, GALEN!
DON'T PLAY
DUMB. LOOK
WHERE YOU ARE!

FIT
WHAT?

REDUCED 50% FROM THE
SMALLEST ORIGINAL ART
EVER DRAWN!

OH, YEAH? AND
WHERE DO I
COME IN?



YOU'RE
IN THE SMALLEST
COMIC EVER PRINTED!

2

YOU'RE ONLY FOUR
INCHES TALL. THAT
MAKES YOU PERFECT FOR
THIS COMIC.

YOU'VE APPARENTLY
FORGOTTEN WHAT I
DO THESE DAYS.



I APPEAR EVERY TWO
MONTHS IN ALPHA-OMEGA
AND TRUE VINE PRESS!
I HAVE AT LEAST ONE
MINI-COMIC OUT FROM
GREAT LAKES COMICS!



I'M BUSIER THAN
I'VE EVER BEEN!

I HAVE A FULL-BLOWN MINISTRY! I'M DOING
LOTS OF THINGS FOR THE ALMIGHTY.

AND I DREW EVERY
PAGE OF IT, FRIEND.
SUGGEST YOU CAN SHARE
ME A SUB-MICRO-COMIC.



YOU DRIVE A CHEVELLE,
NOT A STINGRAY! I DON'T
HAVE TO SUBMIT TO THAT
KIND OF ECONOMICS!

3

WHY DON'T YOU GET
PANDORA GRATELESS?
SHE'S NOT WORKING
NOW!



AND SHE STANDS
ONLY FOUR FEET.

I'D ONLY BE ABLE
TO GET ONE EYE
AND HER NOSE INTO
THIS PANEL.



WHAT ABOUT REBECCA
DAISYWHEEL? SHE'S
ONLY IN COMAL TONY.
AND SHE'S THREE
FEET TALL.



I'D GET ONLY THE
TIP OF HER STRIPED
TAIL IN THIS PANEL.



4

ALL RIGHT. YOU DON'T
HAVE TO TELL ME
ANYMORE. WILD RAFFY THOMPSON IS OUT
OUT THE QUESTION. HE STANDS A FULL
5' 10", AND THERE'S
ONLY ROOM ENOUGH
FOR THE
MOUSTACHE!



AND THAT BRINGS US
TO THE QUESTION OF
WHAT I WILL DO IN
THIS COMIC. HAVE
YOU GIVEN MUCH
THOUGHT TO THAT?



WELL, YOU COULD
GIVE A DEMONSTRATION
OF THE CARE AND
FEEDING OF A PET
COCKROACH



EEEP!

5

OR YOU COULD DO A
DOCUMENTARY TOUR
OF AN ANT FARM.



OR YOU COULD DO A
COMMERCIAL FOR
"OREO COOKIE HUT".



ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT!
NOW CAN WE PLEASE
GET ON WITH IT?
WE HAVE ONLY
THREE PAGES LEFT!



AH! GLAD YOU'RE
SEEING THINGS
MY WAY. THE THING
I'VE PICKED OUT
FOR YOU TO DO
IS...

6



HMM! THE POETRY
CORNER. YOU'RE DEFINITELY
BEGINNING TO DISPLAY SOME
TASTE.



"THE MOUNTAINS' LOFTY HEIGHTS HAVE
COME
TO BE BY MANY KNOWN AS A
PLACE OF REST
TO MYRIADS OF BATTLE-WEARIED SOULS
WHO WISH OF GOD
TO BE RICHLI BLESSED."



7

"WHY DO YOU COME TO MOUNTAIN HIGH
SEEKING WHAT YOU ALREADY OWN?
THE ALMIGHTY MANY WONDERS WORKS
I THANK HIM THAT HE NEVER
WORKS ALONE!"



LOVELY! AND WHY
SHOULDN'T MY
COMPOSITIONS
BE THAT WAY?



HEY! WHAT'S WITH
THE CAMERA?



WE'RE ALMOST DONE
AND WE NEED A
BACK COVER.

CANDID SHOT.
PLEASE.

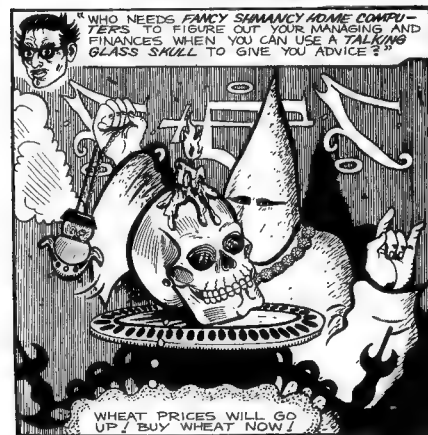
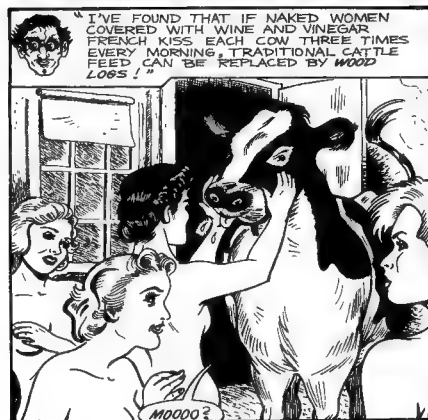
8



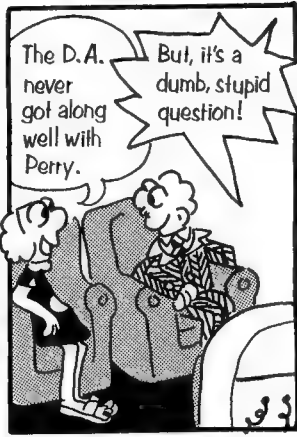
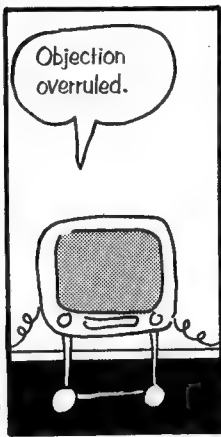
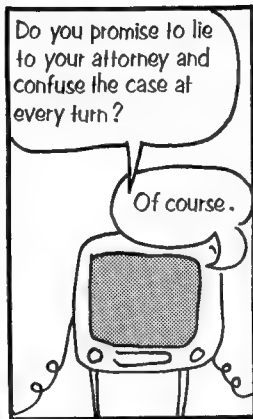
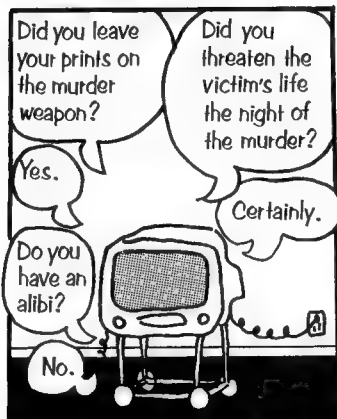
AH! FREE
AT LAST!

ALL MY
BEST...

Galen



CECIL KUNKLE



TALES CALCULATED
NOT TO AMOUNT TO
A HILL OF.....

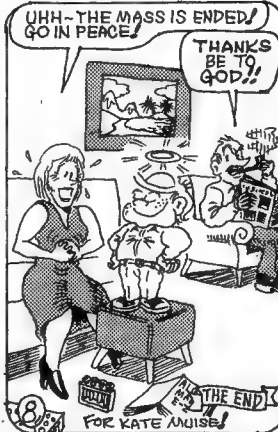
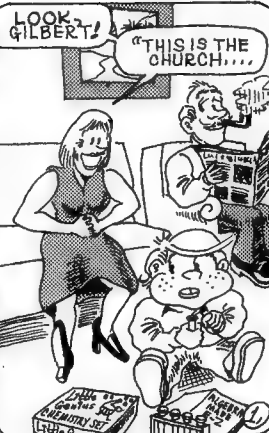
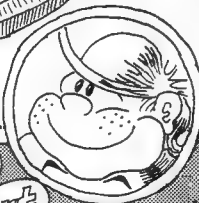
CHUCK
BUNKER
#1

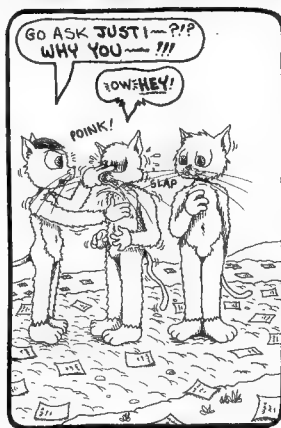
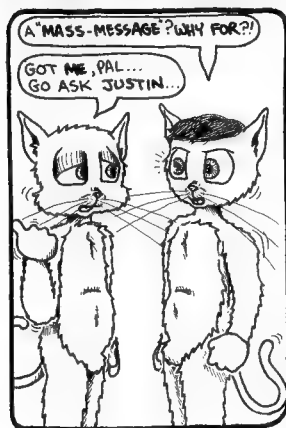
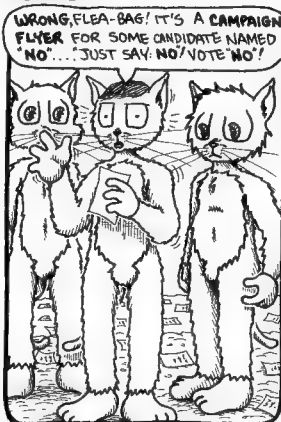
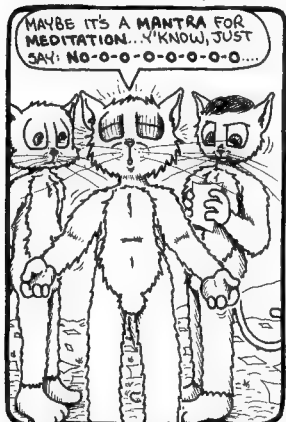
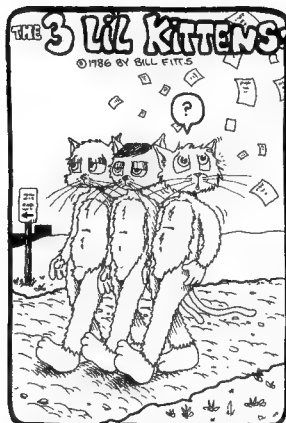
BEENZ

THIS
ISSUE
featuring...

Li'l
Gilbert

"DISORGANIZED
RELIGION"

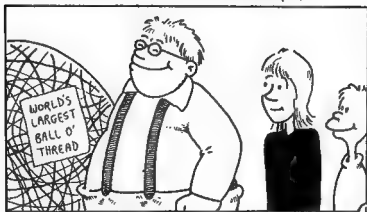




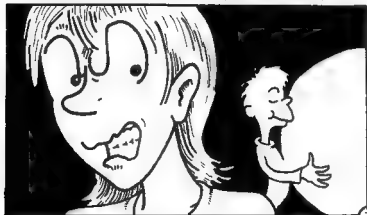
"ACCOUNT CLOSED" - PATE PEROZICH & PAUL CURTIS



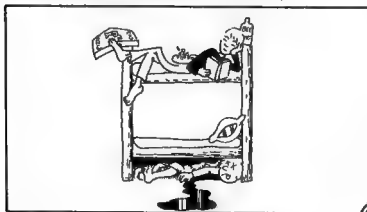
OUR FATHER, WHOM WE CALLED "BIG TED,"
SPENT ALL HIS LIFE COLLECTING THREAD.



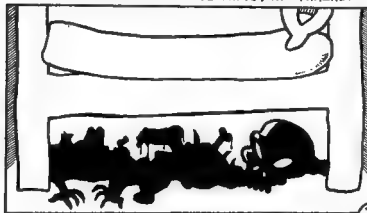
A MALAISE SLOPPED ABOUT MY MIND.
MURD'ROUS THOUGHTS IN THREAD ENTWINED?



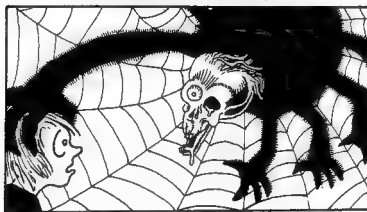
I SLICED HIM UP IN SEVERAL CHUNKS,
THE WHICH I HID BENEATH OUR BUNKS.



BUT NO! HE ROSE UP FROM THE DEAD,
HIS THOUGHTS ON JUST ONE THING; HIS THREAD.



HE PULLED ME DEEP INSIDE HIS NEST.
YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HEAR THE REST.



ONE DAY HE DIED, AND IN HIS WILL
HE LEFT HIS THREAD TO BROTHER BILL.



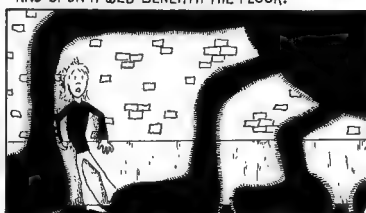
I TWISTED UP BILL'S NECK WITH THREAD
AND PULLED IT TIGHT 'TIL HE LAY DEAD.



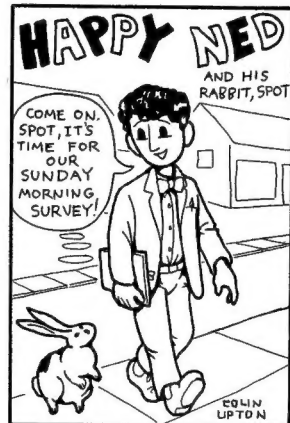
I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT, POST DECEASE,
HE'D REST- IN PIECES, BUT IN PEACE.



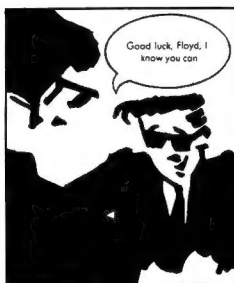
HE'D GOT FROM SOMEWHERE FOUR ARMS MORE,
AND SPUN A WEB BENEATH THE FLOOR.



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floyd farland



CITIZEN
OF THE
FUTURE

Coming this April from Eclipse Comics.
Squarebound with a cardstock cover.





"Flew the final mission in the Japanese sky,
set off the mighty mushrooms' roar,
but when I saw the cities burning,
I knew that I was learning
that I ain't marching anymore."

—PHIL OCHS

**WHAT DID
THE OTHER SIDE
LEARN?**

**TO FIND OUT, READ—
KEIJI NAKASAWA'S
AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
ACCOUNT OF THE
BOMBING OF
HIROSHIMA.**



